

# The Critic

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## The Critic

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### Literature

#### "Americanisms and Criticisms" \*

MR. MATTHEWS's neat little volume is full of lively hits, interspersed with not a few interesting facts and happy suggestions. He punches the heads and pinches the ears of some impudent British censors of American ways, with an energy which ought to make them very uncomfortable,—though there is too much reason to fear that it will hardly have this effect. It is not improbable, also, that his own countrymen will hardly sympathize so warmly with his patriotic pugnacity as he may expect.

The fact is that the American public, as a body, has outgrown the youthful sensitiveness which was troubled by foreign criticisms from any source. The ill-natured jibes of *The Saturday Review* and *The Athenaeum*, which vex our author's spirit, do not come to the knowledge of one American in a hundred thousand. And of those who chance to read them, very few give them so much attention as is indicated by a smile of amusement. It is pretty well understood that the writers do not really represent the public opinion of their own country, but show merely the temper of an illiberal minority, too insignificant to be worth regarding. Such, it is evident from the later works of our most distinguished authors, like Lowell and Holmes, has been the opinion which their personal experience had led them to form; and doubtless the genial courtesy displayed in those admired works in all references to the English people is the best reply which an American writer can make to the petulance which occasionally disfigures the utterances of some English journals.

Mr. Matthews is by no means deficient in this courtesy, as his pleasant little bout with the always good-natured Andrew Lang sufficiently shows; and his general conclusions are sensible enough. The long array of expressions in which American usage differs from English, such as railroad, conductor, grade, freight train, to shunt (against railway, guard, gradient, goods train, and to switch), merely leads to the remark that each is best in its place, as being indigenous and 'racy of the soil.' The different modes of spelling adopted in the two countries are shown to be, after all, of trifling importance, and each sufficiently justified by good usage, English as well as American. In fact, the quarrel or 'triangular duelum' between the adherents of the three noted dictionary-makers—Johnson, Webster and Worcester—on such questions as whether we shall write honour, centre, traveller, programme and recognise, or honor, center, traveler, program and recognize, becomes ridiculous when we find that all these authorities combine in upholding such monstrosities of spelling as knowledge, tongue, wrought, receipt, weigh, trough, heir, hearth, lightsome, phthisic, and hundreds more as preposterous as these. The orthographical Pharisees on both sides of the Atlantic strain at the smallest of gnats, and swallow without effort the hugest of camels. If our authors and publishers, instead of disputing over a few trivial differences in dictionary spellings, would unite to bring about a really useful and comprehensive re-

form, such as has been effected in some countries of Europe, they would confer an immense benefit on all English-reading countries, and would earn the eternal gratitude of all English-learning schoolboys.

The other essays which Mr. Matthews has collected in his volume are readable and well worth preserving. His suggestions on the art and methods of criticism, including his 'Twelve Good Rules for Reviewers,' are eminently judicious; and his open confession that he has himself in the past 'now and again fallen from grace' in his practice, will doubtless be good for his soul, as well as a useful warning and example for some of his readers.

#### Letourneau on Property \*

DR. CHARLES LETOURNEAU holds a highly respectable place among the scientific men of France. He is an esteemed professor in the well-known School of Anthropology in Paris, in which his department is that of sociology. He has been, as his writings show, a traveller, a laborious student and an industrious and successful author. His first important work, entitled 'La Sociologie,' a closely-printed volume of six hundred pages, appeared about ten years ago in the *Bibliothèque des Sciences Contemporaines*, and in 1884 had reached its second edition. His later volumes, 'The Evolution of Marriage' and the present treatise on the 'Origin and Evolution of Property,' have appeared in Mr. Havelock Ellis's *Contemporary Science Series*, and may be regarded as expansions of certain chapters of his earlier work, with such additions as subsequent study and observation have enabled him to make.

The merits of the author's works are a careful and conscientious collection of facts, mostly derived from the best authorities, and an agreeable style, which in ease and lucidity equals the best to which we are accustomed in French scientific writings. It cannot be said that in the way of theory or deductions his volumes present much that is novel or striking. He is content to accept in general the conclusions of the distinguished writers, such as Maine, Laveleye and Stuart Mill, who are considered the best modern authorities in social and economical science, with occasional though discriminating references to the more dubious theories of McLennan, Morgan, Giraud-Teulon and Henry George. The German writers on socialism do not seem to have attracted his attention.

The origin of property is traced by him to a natural instinct, which begins far down among the lower animals, existing to a remarkable extent among ants and bees, and found in various forms among birds, beavers, squirrels, dogs and other species. His first chapter on 'Property among Animals' is made highly entertaining by a well-chosen selection of interesting facts illustrating this branch of the subject. Ascending to man, the author finds in the property-instinct the source of the first advance from the isolation of utter savagery. The beginning of society was the union of families for the common defence of their possessions. Thus originated the clan-system in the village communities, which once, he assumes, prevailed universally, and which are still found throughout Eastern Europe and many countries of Asia. Gradually certain members of these communities, having a stronger instinct and talent for acquisition than their fellows, became wealthy, and by wealth acquired power, which finally, through war and conquest, led to tyranny and the dominion of the wealthy 'classes' over the toiling and subject 'masses.' Such, briefly stated, was in his view the origin of modern society, of which the unsatisfactory condition is due mainly to the development of the natural instinct for the accumulation of property. The result is an organized 'individualism,' or selfishness, opposed to that benevolent union on which a community's welfare depends. To redress this evil the author, following Mill, urges the enactment of special laws, such as the imposition of 'successive duties,' to prevent the excessive increase of properties, and

\* *Americanisms and Criticisms, with Other Essays on Other Isms.* By Brandre Matthews. \$1. Harper & Brothers.

\* *Property: Its Origin and Development.* By Charles Letourneau. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

to supply the community with a fund which can be employed for the general benefit.

His anticipations are not very sanguine, and are apparently colored by what will seem to many the too despondent views which he and other French economists are inclined to take of the condition of society in their own country at the present time. Because France does not increase as rapidly as other countries in population, they consider her to be going backward. The true test of advancement, however, is not so much increase in numbers as growth in freedom, knowledge and general comfort. Thriftless Russia has a high birth-rate, and thrifty France a low one; but forty millions of intelligent and self-governing Frenchmen are unquestionably of more value to the world of civilization than eighty millions of ignorant, poverty-stricken and helplessly oppressed Russians. Our author, also, fails to take into view the immense influence of that vast intellectual force which is summed up in the common expression of the 'progress of science.' Beginning about four hundred years ago—with the invention of printing and the discovery of America—this silent but overwhelming force, in its gradual advance by countless other inventions and discoveries, is uniting the nations, uplifting the humbler classes, sweeping away slavery, caste and monopolies, extirpating diseases, and gradually freeing society from the evils which our benevolent but somewhat pessimistic author describes and deplores.

It is proper to add that Dr. Letourneau's account of the laws and incidents of property among the principal races of the globe, and especially among the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Hebrews and other Semites, and the great populations of modern Asia, is, though necessarily condensed, remarkably clear and correct, and well suited for a text-book in this branch of instruction.

#### An English Gamekeeper's Autobiography\*

THIS naive production reveals the curious love of the English people for sport, the national horror of poaching, and the unnatural cruelties into which it has led the English law and the English landlord. John Wilkins, a gamekeeper at a country-place in Essex, pours forth his auto-biographic soul in these simple pages and has it 'edited' for him by two sympathizing patrons as fond of game as he is. The book breathes of rural life and dog-kennels, of bird-trapping and hare-snaring, of midnight rambles and frisky retrievers, of cubs, foxes, and 'vixens.' The contracted yet picturesque circumference of a gamekeeper's soul may here be measured in all its narrowness, its honest pride of office, its indignation at unlawful crime, its perpetual vigilance over the master's preserves, and its pettymindedness. The outdoor life breeds independence of phrase, audacity of deed, cunning in the search for intruders, almost genius in their capture. The gamekeeper is both *sbirro* and spy, both gendarme and huntsman: every inch of the estate, every haunt of 'vermin' on it, is known to him. Being half a poacher himself, he is perfectly familiar with them and their ways, and he snares them and their dogs as pitilessly as he does a ferret. Incidentally Wilkins throws a flood of light on his very peculiar class, a class bred by English custom and immemorial fondness for the chase. This trait in English national character antedates Hengist and Horsa, and trails back to the forest life of wooded Jutland, marshy Friesland, and the umbrageous *fields* of Norway. The amusing chapters of the book—entirely too much 'edited' for its good—show the racy side of the modern forester's life and are full of stories which the reader would appreciate more highly still if the original spelling and grammar, the delightfully un-hitched or hitched-on 'A's, had been retained in all their idiomatic vigor. There is a deal of acute observation and of excellent information about dogs and small game sprinkled over the tale, a harmless egotistical recital of homely adventures intermingled here

\* The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper. (John Wilkins, of Stanstead, Essex.) Edited by A. H. Byng and S. M. Stephens. 8s. Macmillan & Co.

and there with a dramatic incident. It is a pity that the original manuscript was not given to print by the over-zealous editors.

#### Stoddard's "Spanish Cities" \*

GOETHE'S 'MIGNON,' expresses more beautifully perhaps than any other bit of verse or prose the longing of the human heart for lands lovelier than one's own, for the mystic and ardent South where the sun shines without fail and perpetual summer lies among the Islands of the Blest. 'Kennst du das Land' is one of those exquisite glimpses of the soul which Goethe was forever surprising, and to which he yielded himself when after ten years of infertile Weimar and arid court life he fled to Italy, and began there, under the sting of the South, that series of incomparable poems and prose works which have left his name immortal. The same hunger ate at the heart of Keats, Shelley and Byron, of Leigh Hunt and the Brownings, of Thorwaldsen and Landor: all northern spirits hungering for the beauty of Italy, the glorious bride who was to render the intellectual life complete by her descent into it. Emanuel Geibel expresses the same longing in one of his charming gypsy songs of Spain, also a tropic land full of light and grace, alternating with sombreness and melancholy. Twice George Eliot dipped her pen in these beautiful fountains, so to speak, and wrote of them with purple ink in 'Romola' and 'The Spanish Gipsy.' The Alhambra completed the poetic transformation of Irving, and Mexico and Peru lighted anew the spiritual eyes of Prescott.

It is a pleasant sign when our busy editors and critics drop their daily toil and begin to feel hunger and thirst after the richness and fulness of other lives and other lands than those they have lived and loved. Busy diplomats like John Hay and Eugene Schuyler, busy sculptors like Story and Ball, busy editors like Dr. Field, E. E. Hale and Charles Dudley Warner one day tire of diplomacy and studio and sanctum, and go forth, very knights-errant of adventure, bent on discovering not only the lands they have lived in all their lives, with eyes sealed with seven seals, but also neighboring isles and kingdoms hitherto delivered over to darkness and the shadow of death. Thus we have delightful books like 'Castilian Days,' 'Roba di Roma,' 'Turkistan' and 'From Killarney to the Golden Horn.' 'From Ponkapog to Pesth' or 'Italian Journeys' would never have been written had not Aldrich and Howells been something more than editors or consuls; nor would 'Our Old Home' ever have dropped from the full mind of Hawthorne had he not been slightly *unconscious* as an official—that is, had more windows to his soul than the one which opened on a Blue Book. Dr. Stoddard therefore has multitudinous precedents for dropping the acquaintance of *The Observer* for a while, and speeding away into the sunshine of Spain, steeping his soul in its golden air, familiarizing himself with its quaint ways and manners, and writing down his impressions in rather newspaperish style, to be sure, but frankly and freely. His beautifully-illustrated book will be welcomed, if for nothing more than its pictures.

#### Brugmann's "Comparative Grammar" †

THE REMARKABLE increase in the number of students of Sanskrit and of comparative philology in this country, of late years, is one feature of our society which may well perplex those foreign critics who imagine our people to be entirely given over to the study of the 'practical' and money-making arts and sciences. The demand thus arising has made it worth while for the enterprising publishers to bring out, at a surprisingly low price, the admirable translation of Prof. Brugmann's excellent Indo-Germanic Grammar, of which the first two volumes have already been noticed in

\* Spanish Cities. With a Glimpse of Gibraltar and Tangier. By C. A. Stoddard. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

† A Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages. By Karl Brugmann. Vol. III. Translated by R. Seymour Conway and W. H. D. Rouse. \$3.45. E. Werner & Co.

these pages. The third volume is of special interest, being devoted to subjects which are of the first importance in the study of comparative linguistics—namely, the numerals and the inflections of nouns and pronouns. The numerals have long been recognized as a curious and attractive subject of study; but it has been only of late years that the great importance of the pronouns as one of the surest tests, perhaps indeed the safest and most indisputable proof, of the relationship of languages has been clearly established.

Among the most instructive portions of the present volume will be found the comparative tables of nouns and pronouns in the various Indo-Germanic languages, showing their declensions, and the changes which their forms undergo in passing from one language to another. Prof. Max Müller, who, in his recent address to the congress of Orientalists, maintains firmly before the first scholars of Europe, and with the evident consciousness of a sympathetic reception, his opinion of the Eastern origin of the Aryan people, could desire no better evidence on his side than these tables. Beginning with the primitive Indo-Germanic form of each word—the form which all scholars are now agreed in accepting—the tables continue through the Sanskrit, the Avestic, the Greek, Latin and Oscan to the Gothic and other northern and western languages, showing the steady degradations and losses which the words and inflections undergo the farther we advance from the Asiatic line. Nor can it be said that these deteriorations are due to the effects of time, and not of migration and the impact of other tongues. Our knowledge of Greek and Latin goes back to a period when Sanskrit and Avestic were spoken languages; and our specimens of the Gothic are not so much later as to allow of our ascribing the immense transformation apparent in it to the mere lapse of time. To students accustomed to trace the results of the mixture of languages, the influence of the primitive European tongues in disorganizing the speech of their Aryan conquerors—precisely as the Latin speech was disorganized in Celtic Gaul, or as the Celtic speech itself had been previously disorganized by the Iberian—is too clearly apparent in these Brugmann tables to admit of a doubt upon the question.

#### "The Art of Golf" \*

WHAT IS GOLF? A question not so difficult to answer as the query of Pontius Pilate. According to Sir W. G. Simpson, Bart., 'golf is a game in which each player has a small hand-ball of his own, which he strikes with a stick whilst it is quiescent, with the intention of putting it into a hole. Abstractly he wishes to do this with as few blows as possible, concretely in fewer than his opponent. A round of the green is called a match. A match is the best of nine, twelve, or eighteen games. Each game is called hole, because it ends at the bottom thereof. The tee is not, as in many other games, the object aimed at, but the point started from. It consists of a small pile of sand placed on the ground, and solidified by the palm of the hand. On this the ball is placed. Each blow or miss is called a stroke, that is to say, a stroke is constituted purely by intention. \* \* \* The distance between the tees and the holes is from a hundred to five hundred yards' (p. 16). Such is the national game of Scotland, as cricket is of England, baseball of America, the *pentathlon* of ancient Greece. It is a sort of expanded and glorified 'shinny,' minus the 'shins,' and occupies the nimble-footed gentry often from morning to night on the heathery hills. Sir W. G. Simpson illustrates it amply (as Mr. Lang lately did) with drawings and words—drawings that give the postures and words that often puzzle the reader whether to take them as 'Scotch' bulls or Caledonian puns. The style is garrulous, rambling, colloquial: the author talks to his friends and to the lovers of golf in a tone of easy superiority—it may be condescension—and in the end communicates the whole soul of golf, its inner as well as its outer secrets. A pleasant,

\* The Art of Golf. By Sir W. G. Simpson. 3d edition. \$4. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

open-air game, requiring some dexterity, careful calculation of goals and blows, economy of effort and indifference to weather. Its introduction into this country might not be amiss.

#### "Favorite Flies" \*

EVERY ANGLER has his 'favorite flies,' though the trout appear to have none. As one angler says, 'trout are a nuisance, \* \* \* continually fooling with and spoiling one's flies'; they have no discretion, and will spoil 'Jock Scotts' worth seven dollars a dozen, with no more compunction than they will swallow 'fairies' costing half that sum. But trout fishers are more particular, and with reason, for a well-tied fly is a beautiful work of art. The fly-maker must not be basely imitative; he may give free rein to fancy; but it seems to be an understood principle that he succeeds best who is a thorough-going impressionist, taking a hint from nature, and giving just hint of that hint to the trout. A wide allusion to the blue-bottle or a delicate suggestion that what he sees floating among the bubbles may be a caddis-fly is what takes your trout; but the most gorgeous combinations of scarlet and gold, vermillion and ultramarine will sometimes do as well, and then there are other fish to be considered, and, as we have said, the fishermen. The latter, when his fishing days are over, sometimes develops a new taste and becomes a collector of flies or of books on angling, or of both.

Whether for the retired or the active angler there can be few indoor pleasures, we imagine, more attractive than that of looking over the pages of Mary Orvis Marbury's 'Favorite Flies and their Histories.' Here are nearly three dozen colored plates of flies—hakkles, salmon flies, lake flies, trout flies and bass flies, adorned with such captivating names as Jenny Lind, Golden Dustman, Fiery Dragon, King of the Woods, and Lady of the Lake. Here are the 'histories' of their inventors, the brave Jack Cahill, who was in the habit of asking his customers if they did not hear his flies buzz; and bold John Halley, whose recipe for making a 'Silver Doctor' was to make a silver body and 'put a little of everything you can find in the wing.' Mr. Seth Green has invented the Governor Alford, for black bass. It must be a gorgeous fly, of peacock herl, with a red ibis tail and hackle from a red rooster. Mr. Green has given his own name to a fly with green and yellow body, red hackle and either a gray or a cinnamon-brown wing, the latter being recommended for black bass, the former for trout-fishing. The 'Tim' fly is named after one of three hunters, 'Tim,' 'Jim' and 'Sutton,' who, in the good old times, divided the State of Maine between them. Besides all this, here are angler's letters from every State and Territory in the Union and every province north of it, with tales innumerable of five-pounders and 'sulkers,' and strange baits—toads, and alder leaves, and flies made of the hair of an Indian dog. There is a portrait—front view—of C. F. Orvis, whose handiwork is represented in the plates; and one—rear view—with tattered coat, and up to his middle in a mill-pond—of 'Frank,' the Green Mountain guide. *Hic habitat Felicitas* is the title of the last-named picture; and we cannot doubt that Happiness does abide in that mill-pond.

#### Recent Fiction

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, in a novel called 'Zachary Phips,' has endeavored to condense most of the important events of American history from the Burr conspiracy to the Seminole War. Phips runs away from home at the early age of ten and goes to sea for a while. On land again he drifts accidentally into some connection with Burr's followers. Freed from that entanglement he enlists on board the 'Constitution' and takes part in all the fights in which that ship is engaged during the War of 1812. At the close of the War he receives his proportion of the money divided by the Government among the crew of that vessel, and with it goes to Florida to find his sweetheart and some members of his family who are living there. The spirit of adventure still predominating,

\* Favorite Flies and Their Histories. By Mary Orvis Marbury. \$3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

he forms a partnership with an Indian trader, goes into the interior to establish a post and there becomes involved in the Seminole War, taking the Indian side throughout. A paper written by him upon the wrongs suffered by the Indians at Gen. Jackson's hands finds its way to the notice of the Government and attracts general attention. There is no lack of action in the story, and some of the events, such as the fights in which the 'Constitution' was engaged, are very well described. The author's endeavor is to give a new aspect to most of the historical matter contained in his book. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN,' by Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts, are typical army stories, and are probably taken straight from life, representing certain individual experiences of the men who wrote them. One of them is the story of a widow, half-French and half-English, who lands at Halifax, and devotes herself to the army officers there until she has most of them desperately in love with her. The whole thing leads to a quarrel between two men in the same regiment who were devoted friends until this woman's arrival; but as one of them is only trying to expose the woman and save the other, it turns out all right. It is probable that the authors of these stories have not done much work before: there is not much skill in the telling, and they are scarcely worth any one's while. (\$1.25. D. D. Merrill & Co.) — 'A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS,' by Nora Perry, is a collection of very pretty, well-told little tales for young girls. They are simple and unaffected, and have an atmosphere of freshness and out-of-door life about them that is really enjoyable. In the first story, 'The Cottage Neighbors,' the girls cannot make up their minds whether it is going to pay them to make friends with the people who have moved in next door. Their mental struggle over this, and their astonishment when they find that their neighbors have no desire to cultivate an acquaintance with them is very amusing. The book is nicely bound and illustrated. (\$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.)

'UNDER PRESSURE' is a simple, unpretentious and not altogether uninteresting effort to describe some of the manners, customs and prejudices still existing in a portion of the Roman society of the present day. To the old Romans, who held staunchly to their unflinching clerical principles, to be an Italian patriot was to be a traitor, a conspirator and a subverter of all morality. They acknowledged no difference between the Utopian who aspired to the unity of Italy as an expression of modern liberty and the equality of man, and the vulgar popular agent of the revolutionary party who hesitated at no baseness and was capable of using every sort of lawless and iniquitous means to achieve his political interest. There were countless examples of sincere and noble-minded promoters of these new ideas who had acquiesced in the use of unworthy measures because they seemed indispensable to the furtherance of the so-called cause of liberty. In the novel before us a member of this advanced party seeks in marriage the daughter of one of the uncompromising Roman nobles who believe that the end justifies the means with all the promoters of Italian unity. The misfortunes of the young people in such a case are very great and are with difficulty overcome, the girl having been taught that paternal authority is a direct emanation from God. The story is written by the Marchesa Theodoli. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

'THE OTHER HOUSE' in days gone by was the scene of a wonder, because of which the place has remained untenanted until this story opens. It is now occupied by a young woman, lovely and attractive in herself, with whom a physician living next door becomes completely infatuated. His work among the poorer classes in New York brings him into contact with many phases of human nature and teaches him the value of sympathy in reaching criminals of every description. Among the female outcasts from society he meets always with his greatest success. They appeal to him and they feel it, and his influence over them is something remarkable. At one of his lectures delivered to a congregation of such women his young neighbor is present, listening with the deepest interest to all he has to say. On his way home and seated in his library afterwards he finds himself thinking about her constantly, and realizes that he is beginning to care a great deal for her. Just then he sees her crossing the garden towards his window, and he remains inside and listens while she leans against the window outside and tells him the story of her life. The outcome of this conversation contains the gist of the narrative as told by Kate Jordan. It is very crude at times and one meets with many expressions which could only have come from an inexperienced pen, but in spite of this it has some strength, and gives promise of good work hereafter. The author's name is Kate Jordan. (\$1.25. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

A TRANSLATION from the French of Jean de la Brète, called 'My Uncle and My Curé,' belongs to the school of French fiction of which the 'Abbé Constantin' is the most shining example. This story is fresh, pure, and very sweet, a pastoral study drawn with considerable skill. A young girl lives in the country with her aunt, a crusty old lady, who makes life very uncomfortable for her small companion. Small she is in every physical sense of the word, so much so that she might be considered dwarfish but for her perfect proportions. She is not small in spirit, however, and when she finds that such revenges as turning the pigs into the garden and the horses into the corn do not bring the old woman to terms, she writes to her uncle, and begs him to take her to live with him. She becomes more fixed in this determination to follow her own inclination when she learns, through the curé, that the money upon which the house and farm are being supported is all hers. This curé is a very lovable old fellow, who has been in the neighborhood all his life, and has known this girl since she was born. He is very devoted to her, and with him she takes refuge whenever anything goes wrong with her. This is chiefly the case in her love-affairs, which follow the proverbial course, and do not run smoothly. The book is translated by Ernest Redwood, and very prettily illustrated by Georges Jannet. (\$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

'PRINCE SEREBRYANI,' by the late Count Alexis Tolstof (kinsman of the more famous Russian novelist, Count Lyof Tolstof), is an historical novel of the times of Ivan the Terrible and of the conquest of Siberia. In the middle of the ninth century, what is now known as European Russia was occupied by a number of Slav tribes, living in entire and complete independence of one another, and ruled by a number of persons, all descended from Rurik, and constantly struggling for supremacy among themselves. Such was the state of affairs when Ivan the Terrible came to the throne, and began a conflict which, to the uninstructed eye, looked perfectly hopeless. On one side an orphan boy, eight years of age, without friends or advisers; on the other a large majority of the chief men in Russia. Still, so great was the power which he inherited that the lone boy remained unconquered, and though his phenomenal sinfulness in later years shortened his life and destroyed his descendants, he weakened the power of his enemies, and began to open a way between Russia and western Europe. The struggle was between a State and a faction, the latter wanting a chief who might be controlled or curbed at pleasure. The success of Ivan, the first Tsar of Russia, was essential to Russian independence. These facts form the basis of a very tragic story, which Count Tolstof wrote after much careful investigation of Russian history, as well as of the mental and social condition of Russia in the sixteenth century. The events recounted here are certainly very thrilling, and are presented in a very dramatic form. The book has been admirably translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE LATTER HALF of Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Doings of Raffles Haw' consisted of two detective stories, the hero of which was Sherlock Holmes, a detective by instinct and by choice. These two stories, with six or eight others of similar character, make up the volume at present under consideration, and the collection is called 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.' This man does not belong to Scotland Yard or to any other organized band of men who follow his profession. He works alone and with such success that his reputation becomes national, and mysteries, the solution of which has completely baffled other men, are placed in his hands with perfect confidence as to their ultimate unravelling. His methods are simple, logical and curiously interesting. When the subject upon which he is to work is laid before him he thinks it all out and makes up his mind as to the solution and where it may be sought. Then he begins to build upon his theory, closely observing the smallest details of each circumstance as it appears, seizing eagerly upon this one and promptly rejecting that until his theories become facts and the chain of evidence is welded to his satisfaction. A worn side to a shoe, an unexpected opening of a window, a knot in a bundle tied in a peculiar manner, or some other item equally insignificant will give him the necessary clue and make his work a simple process. It is the manner in which these things are developed that makes them so interesting as they are. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

THE HUMAN MIND is capable of strange conceptions, liable to strange freaks, and nothing in literature of late is probably more illustrative of this fact than a treatise on the god of love, called 'Amor in Society,' which lies before us. In a drawing-room the subject of love, so our author says, has a discordant sound; on the street it is inappropriate. Of deep intrinsic interest, it is yet wholly unsuited either to a crude mind or a mixed audience. Sentiment

and passion, glibly chatted in the market-place, invite ignorant questioning, coarse interpretation, vulgar prying. But for a thinking person to wish to know all the mysteries of the greatest of human passions is entirely legitimate. One can make the broadest, deepest investigation, explore fearlessly the labyrinth called the heart, by observing the simple precaution of time, place and person. Proceeding upon the theory developed here we have chapter after chapter devoted to the relationship of human beings to the subject of love in all of its phases. Claiming to be absolutely sure of her subject, the writer says she throws the gauntlet at society with the cool bravery of perfect trust in her cause. She apparently does not see that her book is a series of perfectly hackneyed, commonplace utterances upon a subject which could only be illuminated by a genius of the highest order. Julia Duhring is responsible for all this inanity. (\$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE TITLE OF a story by Mabel Collins, 'Morial the Mahatma,' will show that the mania of novelists, particularly female novelists, for theosophy as a theme has not entirely died out. The transference of thought and spirit is something marvellous in this volume, and space between London and Thibet is completely annihilated. Morial is, of course, a wonderful creature, living in the midst of the grand range of the Korian Mountains, standing in the centre of Thibet. It scarcely seems as if he could be of the race of mankind, this superbly beautiful being, resting in the sunshine, glorious as Apollo, the summit of creation, the human flower appearing in the midst of the flowers of nature. And yet, with all of his beauty and all of his learning, this creature is not content, but must stretch out his hands over the earth, and attempt to rule the destinies of men in far-off countries. He has knowledge and power, he is a master; but he is also a spirit of evil. He puts evil thoughts into men's minds, he corrupts them, he leads them into fatal positions from which they can never escape, and he makes them his helpless tools. Eventually he is crushed, and his power for evil destroyed, and by a woman, who invokes the spirit of truth to overthrow his casuistries, and calls upon the inner power of good which dwells in every man to withstand his subtle temptations. The story is perfectly preposterous. (\$1.25. Lovell, Gesterfeld & Co.)

THE BENI SAD was a powerful tribe of roving Bedouins, and Kanana was the youngest son of its venerable chief. The tribe called him effeminate because he was thoughtful and quiet, and as he grew older and the boyish fancy became a decided conviction against the combats constantly going on between the different tribes, they even called him a coward and said that he did not dare to fight. How he came by a notion so curious no Arab could tell, but nothing could move him in it; he always swore he would never lift a lance except in defense of Arabia. He kept his word and never held a lance in his hand but once; yet many a celebrated sheik and powerful chieftain of his race lies dead, buried and forgotten, while the name of Kanana is still a magic battle-cry among the sons of Ishmael, and his lance is one of the most precious relics of Arabia. The name traitor, which the Arabs had added to that of coward in speaking of the boy, was changed to hero, and they are now ready to tell the story of 'The Lance of Kanana' that rescued Arabia. This little tale is very well told by Abel El Ardavan (Harry W. French), and is illustrated by Garrett. (75cts. D. Lothrop Co.)

H. C. BUNNER'S amusing little story of 'The Runaway Browns' represents two young people with enough of this world's goods to enable them to live in luxury always, married because they love each other dearly, and living in a state of unusual happiness and contentment in a suburban home in New Jersey. The situation is too peaceful and the life too perfect; they long for some of the exciting adventures they read about in novels to vary the monotony of their days and nights. At last, as none of this seems disposed to come to them, they decide after much consideration that they will travel a little to find it. They leave home early one morning, directing their housekeeper to take care of things during the year they expect to be gone. Their experiences are many and various, enough to fill the book, but they are neither pleasant nor profitable, and at the end of the book the Browns return a wiser and a happier, but a sadder couple, this time. (\$1. Keppler & Schwarzmann.)—IN OLD ST. STEPHEN'S, by Jeanie Drake, is a trashy little story, the scene of which is laid in South Carolina before the war. It is given in the form of a manuscript which is supposed to contain the diary of an old gentleman. Having suffered from the garrulity of age himself when a boy, he resolved never to relate these anecdotes to anyone, but he put them on paper and bequeathed them to his youngest and favorite grandson, who published them. It is the same old story of plantation life in the South of that period, with its host of Negroes and

its old-fashioned manners and customs—a picture attractive enough in certain of its aspects, but so well worked over already that its reproduction would require the efforts of a genius to justify it. Then comes the war and the inevitable pathetic yet hopeful change in everything, and then the book closes. There is really no need of carrying it any further, no need of having carried it so far. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

'CROSS-CURRENTS' is by Mary Angela Dickens, a daughter of the novelist, who seems to have inherited some small amount of talent from her illustrious father. The story is not uninteresting, and the characters have a considerable amount of individuality. Selma, the heroine, has great dramatic talent, which is being cultivated by a person named Tyrrell, well-known in the theatrical world in London, and with influence enough to obtain an excellent engagement for his protégé. After the manner of women, however, she disappoints him by falling in love with a young cousin of hers, who has just arrived from Australia. She decides to cancel her engagement, and be married instead. Time passes, and as the day for the wedding approaches Selma hesitates, wonders if she is doing well to give up the career offered her, and concludes finally that she does not love this young fellow enough to make such a sacrifice for him. He is heartbroken over it, but she is obdurate, and devotes herself to a thorough preparation for her débüt, in which she achieves a tremendous success. Her ideals of an artist's life, and of what success in such a career should mean, are very high; but, unfortunately, she finds that the rest of the world does not look upon them in the same way. Her disappointments and their effect upon her after-life can be left to the reader to follow out for himself. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE CONCLUDING VOLUME of the neat re-issue of Peacock's novels, etc., is entitled 'Calidore, and Miscellanea.' 'Calidore' is an unfinished romance, probably begun soon after the publication of 'Melincourt,' of which it reminds us. The scene is partly in Wales and partly in London, and the fragment is worth preserving for the wit and humor of the dialogue, if for nothing else. The 'Miscellanea' include 'Some Recollections of Childhood'; an essay on 'The Four Ages of Poetry,' interesting for the rejoinder which it provoked from Shelley; 'Horae Dramaticæ,' an excellent piece of criticism; and 'The Lost Day of Windsor Forest,' an old man's reminiscence of an episode memorable in the history of a place where much of his life had been passed and for which he felt an ardent affection. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)—A WELL-PRINTED and well-bound edition of Dr. Edward Eggleston's popular 'Hoosier School-Master' has just made its appearance. Men who cast their first vote this month were unborn when this book was written; yet it is said to sell as well now as it did in 1871. The new edition has a capital portrait of the author. (\$1.50. Orange Judd Co.)

FLORENCE WARDEN has indulged her passion for mysteries and for horrors to the fullest extent in 'Ralph Ryder of Brent.' The story is undoubtedly exciting, and is very carefully worked out; the interest is sustained by withholding any knowledge of the cause of these complications to the last. Ralph Ryder is married to a woman who cares nothing for him, and concludes, after some time, that she cannot stand life in the country with him and their little girl any longer. She leaves, and her desertion of him drives him to drown his sorrow in drink, which finally makes a raving lunatic of him. Hearing this, she returns to cover up all traces of the part she has played in the catastrophe. The child dies, and the mother announces that it and its father have both died of a disease so malignant that everyone refuses to come near them. She buries the child, and confines her husband in a barn with a keeper. He becomes very violent at times, and can with difficulty be prevented from committing dreadful crimes. He has a son, of whose existence he is unaware, as the child was born during his mother's absence from home. The boy bears his father's name, and looks exactly like him. He grows to manhood in ignorance of his family history, and the sensation created by his arrival at Brent Grange and the events following upon it contain the gist of the story. It is the son, and not the father, who is the hero of 'Ralph Ryder of Brent.' (\$1. National Book Co.)

IN 'THE RETURN of the O'Mahony' Mr. Harold Frederic has broken new ground. In one of the last conflicts of the Civil War a soldier, Zeke Tisdale, takes from the pockets of a dead comrade documents conveying the right to an Irish property. He deserts, and, there being no one to dispute his claim, he finds no difficulty in taking possession of the title of 'The O'Mahony' and the wild tract of mountain land, with its seven ruined castles and the accumulation of mortgages that go with it. Owing to his native Yankee 'cuteness' and his backwoodsman's love of danger he becomes

a favorite with his tenantry; but from sheer want of something to occupy himself with he joins the Fenian movement, and, as a consequence, has to fly the country. He is afterwards heard of from time to time, maintaining the honor of the name he has usurped in all the wars of the Continent; always, as might become a real O'Mahony, on the weaker side. But matters go wrong at home; and, when he returns from Armenia to set them right, he finds the proper heir, who has meanwhile turned up, engaged in the same task. Instead of a lawsuit, however, the story ends with a wedding, and the adventurer is suffered to remain 'The O'Mahony' to the last. Mr. Frederic's realistic instinct has stood him in good stead in smoothing over the improbabilities of his somewhat wild plot. It is evident that he has studied scenery and types with thoroughness; and his Yankee filling the place of an O'Mahony is a creation to remember. (50 cts. Robert Bonner's Sons.)

THE WANDERING Englishman, with his youthful follies and the teeth of his children set on edge because of them, is the theme of Hesba Stretton's 'Half-Brothers.' Sidney Martin marries Sophy Goldsmith, a poor saddler's daughter, and, to save his inheritance, leaves her and her offspring to the charity of a Tyrolese inn-keeper. Hearing of the mother's death he marries again in England. His son by this second marriage is brought by a convenient chance into contact with his elder half-brother, who has grown up as a wild mountaineer. The grandfather is hunted up, and, in due time, sees to it that his ignorant grandson succeeds to the property. He finds that he has no influence, however, over this stupid Tyrolese peasant, who imports a priest to manage his affairs for him. The story is highly improbable, but some of the characters are fairly well drawn. (Cassell Publishing Co.)—THE LATEST ADDITION to the Dent series of Jane Austen's Novels is 'Emma,' in two volumes; prettily printed, like its predecessors, and like them embellished with dainty frontispiece illustrations. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)—MR. CRAWFORD'S 'Don Orsino' has been published by Messrs. Macmillan, in their Dollar Series of novels.—Mr. Black's 'Macleod of Dare' is now to be had in the revised edition of that author's works. (90 cts. Harper & Bros.)—THE FIRST edition of the many-authored 'Fate of Fenella' has been followed by one with numerous illustrations. (\$1.50. Cassell Publishing Co.)

### London Letter

THERE ARE few things dearer to the heart of the true Londoner than the London street cry. Wild, harsh, discordant—too often the teller of evil tidings, of horrible disasters, hideous crimes, untimely deaths, though it be—it is yet never to be heard without a thrill of emotion by the returned wanderer, who associates it with olden days, or without a less sentimental but still acute sensation of pleasure by the absentee of a few months or weeks. He loves the sound for itself. He does not stop to consider what it heralds or announces. It is as well not, perhaps. Better let the meaning it has for such a one be simply this: 'You are back where the great pulse of the world is beating loudest; back where its interests mainly centre; back where all its chief events are heard of and felt at first-hand; back where life is throbbing on every side; where the battle is being fought most unceasingly; where the vast machinery which turns careless youth into "living, thinking, feeling man" works hardest and fastest; where growth and progression and achievement are all in all, and stagnation, flaccidity and inanition are unknown.' It is some underlying sense of this which no doubt endears all the recognized London sounds and sights to those among us whose sympathies range beyond the narrow limits of our own surroundings. We want to know what is going on *everywhere*. And we want to know it *immediately*. The street cry, if it does not exactly instruct our needs, satisfies them in so far that we know at once if there be anything to know, and where to know it. All along the great city thoroughfares the clamor and competition leave no chance of ignorance—if ignorance be desired—to anyone going that way; and perhaps the crier's happiest hunting-ground is on the outskirts of the principal East End station, 'Liverpool Street,' whose traffic is supposed to exceed in itself that of all the other London stations put together. Many and many a strange thing have I heard in that great seething space just beyond the station entrance.

For a few days last week, however, the street vendors were screaming for sale something so different from their ordinary wares that when 'Crossing the Bar,' by Lord Tennyson—Words and Music—with Illustrations—One Penny' was yelled in at the carriage window as we entered the turmoil beyond the gates, it was impossible to turn aside from such a purchase. The penny copies of 'Crossing the Bar' sold about the London streets on the day and during the week after Tennyson's funeral will be historic

relics to another generation. We bought four in this house, and wanted some more—and the next day they were not to be had. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Tennyson's publishers, to whom the copyright pertains, very naturally swooped down upon the ragged vendors, and put a stop to the piracy. Not, however, until thousands had been sold.

The Laureate's last poems, published on Thursday, are being mainly bought, I fancy, on account of the peculiar interest attaching to them from their having been prepared for the press during this last summer of his life. They are being so freely noticed elsewhere that they need no mention here.

But what a ridiculous, impudent piece of arrogant ignorance is that little volume yclept 'English Poems,' by Richard Le Gallienne! What a writer who had won such praise, and deservedly, for his prose essays could have been thinking of to let himself down into such a quagmire of bad verse, prefaced by such an uncalled-for and extraordinary attack on those who write good verse, one is at a loss to imagine! The temple of art, he avers, is in England 'a Lazar-house of leprous men.' The lepers, then, are Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Austin, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Henley—and a few more—to say nothing of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose ringing rhythm (it may be poetry or it may not) is taking fast hold of our stiff, British, common-sense hearts. It would need to be a volume of very remarkable excellence which should vaunt itself as superior to anything we have yet had from these 'lepers'; whereas—but Mr. Le Gallienne, in appending his 'Epithalamium,' for instance—though the remark holds good of every page—has so completely hung himself on his own rope that he needs no assistance from anyone. It is simply an appalling instance of the blindness of egotism.

'Egosophy,' by the author of 'The Pigment,' which comes to me from Kegan Paul & Co., this week, is a book for Mr. Le Gallienne to read. 'Egosophy' is a wonderfully bright, smart little piece of satire on the practical worship of self, so universal in the present day. 'We have,' says the writer, 'our theosophy; why should we not also have our egosophy? It is the only word which I can frame to express the science about to be described. \* \* \* I have treated it as a science only; as a religion, I think it may claim that it has a greater number of adherents than any other religion.' The author breaks up his task into six short chapters, in which are to be found a series of reflections made upon himself by the successful egotist, who instructs others, and directs them towards the means by which they may attain to that perfection which he has himself achieved. Being both amusing and original, the daintily-got-up little volume will invite the attention even of such embryo egotists as care nothing for the warning so artfully conveyed; and it is not at all unlikely that some will swallow the pill, and benefit by it, before they know what they are about.

'Recollections of George Butler,' which comes from Arrowsmith, is a very delightful work of the kind. Mrs. Butler has bestowed an infinitude of pains upon it, and though there are portions of the book which many will agree, I think, in wishing had been left out, and which had little or no connection with the late Canon of Winchester, still there is so much that is excellent that the biography may fairly claim to be one of the most readable volumes of the present season.

Let such lovers of natural history as have not hitherto met with the late H. N. Moseley's 'Notes of a Naturalist' possess themselves of the new edition just issued by John Murray. It is accompanied by short, well-written memoir of the well-known Fellow of Exeter College, signed 'Q. C. B.' in whom Oxonians recognize one of Moseley's old and intimate friends.

From Oxford I hear that Mr. Froude is doing well. In one matter, at any rate, he has succeeded in winning all hearts; this is by not merely lecturing in a place easy of access, and at an hour convenient for all, but by choosing subjects which candidates for honors in the History School will find of use. This is the doing of a wise man. Oxford professors are not invariably wise men.

We really are, or ought to be, indebted to Mr. Herbert Spencer for the admission he lately made that he has never 'read any of M. Renan's works.' It needed some such statement to be publicly put forth by a man of Mr. Herbert Spencer's status, to encourage readers of the present day—real readers—thoughtful, honest readers—to own without shame that they cannot read everything that is worth reading. They know they cannot; they wish they could; and yet they are vexed and humiliated whenever forced to confess that such and such an eminent author has been left unstudied. Now why should they be? I read somewhere lately that if a man in perfect mental and physical health, with a memory like that of Macaulay, were to devote ten hours a day for twenty years to working through the productions of notable authors in the British Museum Library, he would find at the end

that he was far from possessing that universal knowledge of good literature which many, from their own accounts, would seem to possess. This ought to encourage us to avow our ignorance—though to be sure that is quite another thing from encouraging our ignorance. Let us thoughtfully peruse and study all we can,—but let us not be ashamed to acknowledge that there is much—very much—humiliatingly much—which we have neither the time, nor the opportunity, nor, sooth to say, the inclination to read.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

IT WAS FIFTY YEARS ago last Thursday that the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached his first sermon in Massachusetts, and with a pleasant combination of sentiment and historical interest Dr. Hale on the semi-centennial anniversary again visited the little town of Berlin, where he had preached that sermon which now must be considered as memorable, and again addressed the church-goers of the town. It must have been a great event in the history of the village, and the interest was manifested, I am told, in many ways. The old hymn-book which Dr. Hale used when he preached there in 1842 was again brought into use. It was still readable, although showing its age. Upon the fly-leaf were inscribed in red ink these words:—'A. Carbon to Dr. Puffer and His Successors in the Berlin Ministry.' Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the woman explorer and author, and Mr. Frederick Taylor of New York, also an explorer of the Dark Continent, were present.

It was rather in the nature of an accident that Dr. Hale happened to preach that day fifty years ago in Berlin. He was on his way to Boston, and was obliged to stay over in the town because the stage would not run further till after the election was settled, it being arranged that the returns should be sent to Boston by that coach. Edward Everett Hale was then, as he himself has said, 'old enough to preach but not old enough to vote,' so, as he could not exercise the prerogative of a citizen, he did embrace the opportunity to supply the pulpit in a town which I think was destitute of a pastor. Twice he preached in the old Congregational Church, one of his topics being 'The Kingdom of God.' The next day Dr. Hale mounted the old coach and in his capacity as reporter for the Boston *Advertiser*, of which his father was the proprietor, bore the election returns to the metropolis of Massachusetts.

It was through Dr. Hale's enterprise, by the way, that Americans to-day are indebted for the exact words in Webster's speech of 1850 in which the great orator denounced Massachusetts for her attitude after his famous 7th of March speech. Mr. Hale happened to be in the crowd around the Revere House when Webster spoke, and as he saw no other reporter there he pulled out his notebook and took down the words in shorthand. His report was telegraphed to New York and to Europe. But for his thoughtfulness the speech would have been lost, for no other man made a verbatim report.

*The Critic's* readers may remember that I wrote in a recent letter something about Charles Carleton Coffin's famous work as a war-correspondent before he began his books. Mr. Coffin is now writing a series of reminiscences of army life to be published in the Boston *Journal*, and I understand that he will comment very freely on the action of the Generals of the war. Hitherto, in his magazine articles and in his books, he has kept silent on that point, but now he considers that a sufficient number of years have elapsed to allow such a critical review.

Writing of the war reminds me that one of the interesting books to be put forth within a month or so in Boston is a story by Miss Elizabeth Hyde Botume about her 'First Days with the Contrabands.' It is to be published by Lee & Shepard. One well-known author who has seen the work declares that the book 'is an important contribution to the history and solution of the great question of our day—the elevation of the American colored people.' This the author in question wrote in a letter which I read yesterday. Miss Botume is now at Beaufort, S. C., still carrying on her work among the freemen, but Boston people well remember her. It was the society of James Freeman Clarke (the Church of the Disciples) which furnished her with funds for her original work. Miss Botume was one of the earliest teachers to respond to the call of Edward L. Pierce. She volunteered her service as soon as our troops took possession of the islands of South Carolina and was stationed at Old Fort Plantation in Beaufort where the Rev. Nehemiah Adams wrote his book, 'The South's Side of Slavery.' The people among whom she went were of the lowest order of rice-plantation Negroes, having no idea of comfort beyond a spare half-hour around the pot of hominy, their daily meal. Under the protection of Gen. Saxton, the commander of the district, Miss Botume worked zealously for these poor people. Although her book may not be of the highest order from a critical point of view,

yet I judge from those who have seen the manuscript that if one read it with his heart in sympathy he would find much of interest.

Another new book coming from Lee & Shepard's within a month or two is 'The Life of Christian Daniel Rauch of Berlin, Germany.' The author of this biography of the sculptor who made the monuments of Queen Louise and Frederick the Great is Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. The same publishing-house is also to issue very soon a new story by Mary R. P. Hatch, to be called 'The Missing Man.' The book which is expected to have perhaps the largest sale of any of the firm's publications this season is J. T. Trowbridge's 'Fortunes of Toby Trafford.' I inquired at Lee & Shepard's regarding the date for the new edition of 'Martin Merivale,' but no date has yet been set. When it is published it is expected that Mr. Trowbridge will give a preface outlining the origin of the work.

An interesting letter regarding the grave of Washington Allston has been written to the editor of the Cambridge *Tribune* by the Superintendent of the Cambridge Cemetery, who was apparently 'stirred up' by noticing an item in the press to the effect that the grave of the South Carolina author had no suitable memorial to mark it. Mr. Childs, the Superintendent, writes that six years ago, while he was renovating the Dana tomb, under the orders of the Hon. Richard H. Dana, he found a large coffin encased in a decayed wood shell. That coffin, he was led to suppose, contained the remains of Washington Allston. After seeing the item which I have mentioned, he wrote to Mr. Dana, making inquiry, and in answer received this:—'You are right in your recollection that Washington Allston is buried in the Dana tomb in the Harvard Square burial-ground. His body is in a lead coffin. There is, as you know, a large and solid stone cross over the tomb, and his name is on it. There is no exclusive monument to him apart from this family one.' The grave is to be found some fifty feet from the First Parish Church.

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Oxford Notes

THE UNIVERSITY has to mourn the loss of a distinguished man and teacher, Mr. Richard Lewis Nettleship, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, who died of exhaustion on Mt. Blanc in August. He was perhaps the most striking of recent lecturers on philosophy in Oxford, and had made himself loved and honored by many generations of Oxford men. He had written little—his biography of the late Prof. T. H. Green and an essay on 'Education in Plato's Republic' are his chief published works; but his fine mind and high character made themselves felt on all who knew him.

The present term began on October 16th, and is now in full swing. It witnessed an unusual excitement on the 22d when the Prime Minister delivered the first lecture on Prof. Romanes's foundation to an overflowing audience in the Sheldonian Theatre. The subject was announced as 'The Universities in the Middle Ages,' but it was really a sketch of the rise of universities, followed by some account of the history of Oxford and Cambridge and a study of their characteristics. It contained some fine passages, notably a panegyric on Bishop Butler, and an appreciation of Archbishop Laud, and closed with an eloquent peroration on the future of the University, which Mr. Gladstone warned against slackening in research, or becoming mechanical in its teaching. The lecture suffered as a piece of oratory from being read, but it was given with a dignity and life which made it very impressive. On the 26th Prof. Froude delivered his Inaugural Lecture, which was an admirable exposition, in language at times ironical, at times touched with cynicism, but eloquent also and earnest of his conception of history, not as the material for philosophy or science, not as an 'evolution' or a 'progress,' but as the record of individual human lives, the story of great men. The presentation, he urged in conclusion, must be dramatic, not 'scientific'; it must deal with the original documents and not with any later interpretation of them. Mr. Froude finally gave some account of his own historical work, and of the enormous labors of research it had involved. It is clear that he has not lost his vigor and that he will be a 'stimulating lecturer: such mingled humor and high seriousness in historical teaching is not too common. Mr. Froude is giving a course of lectures this term on the Council of Trent. The number of Freshmen is about the same as usual.

Oct. 29, 1892.

OXONIENSIS.

### The Lounger

SOME TIME AGO M. Zola was accused of using the plot of 'Enoch Arden' for his novel 'Jacques Damour,' published in 1873. He replied that he got his idea from a newspaper paragraph, which recorded an incident that actually occurred during the Commune. This was all very well, and his English accusers might have been

satisfied if M. Zola had not added insult to injury by saying:—“I must make an admission of ignorance. I have never read a line of Tennyson, and what is more, I cannot read English.” England has her revenge. In an interview with a *Figaro* correspondent, Mr. Herbert Spencer was forced to admit that he had never read any of M. Renan’s works. He did not, however, add that he could not read French, for every well-educated Englishman regards a knowledge of French as a necessary part of his intellectual equipment. He may not speak it with a Parisian accent, but that does not prevent his speaking it on every possible occasion. Mr. Spencer’s reason for not having read M. Renan’s entertaining works was that he never read anything, French or English, that did not bear upon the special subjects of his research. The French are annoyed, however, and have not refrained from showing their annoyance. I wonder if, after all, they know who Mr. Spencer is, or fondly take him to be the author of ‘The Faery Queene’?

IT MAY SOUND ungracious, but I am not quite sure that I thank Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd for her ‘Three Normandy Inns.’ I was peacefully and quietly going about my diurnal tasks when, after a day at my desk, I sat down at home, and dipped into Mrs. Dodd’s book. I had been comparatively happy and contented with my lot until I began reading its beguiling pages and looking at its alluring illustrations. Then I rebelled. ‘Must I stay in dirty, noisy New York, and eat my hasty luncheon in a crowded restaurant, with waiters darting hither and yon, trays aloft and dishes rattling, while these people eat their midday breakfast in picturesque Normandy inns? It is certainly hard; but I may have a vacation some day (I had one once), and then I shall make a bee-line for those delightful countries where leisure gives people as much happiness as money gives us.’

‘IN AN ARTICLE from the London *Daily Telegraph*, republished in *The Critic* of Oct. 29,’ writes ‘A Cockney’ from Boston, ‘I find the following:—“The great author of ‘Vanity Fair’ was an accomplished gourmet, versed in the mysteries of all the *cuisines* of Europe, and of the Indian curry kitchen, besides; and at the period when Charles Dickens was toiling as a solicitor’s clerk or a newspaper reporter at a very humble salary, Thackeray, under the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, or Fitz-Boodle, or some other of his many aliases, was writing his ‘Memorials of Gormandizing’ in *Fraser’s Magazine*.” Now I, for one, do not believe that Thackeray was known as a writer before Dickens, for when the latter had achieved fame as an author, the former was struggling as an obscure artist, and applied for a position as an illustrator of Dickens’s work. His services were not accepted, because his drawings were not considered meritorious enough to warrant his engagement. I have heard this subject alluded to often in Bohemian circles in London.’

A WORD OF TRUTH well spoken is to be found in the following communication published in a recent issue of the *Tribune*:

SIR: Outside of towns there is a large number who almost famish for reading-matter, whose longings might easily be filled, if the case were brought to the notice of those who simply toss periodicals into the waste-basket after finishing with them.

Seemingly it is a very small charity to send a paper or book no longer fresh to another, but for years I have been gratified with the result of such deeds.

Then there are those who would gladly pay the postage on *The Critic*, and some of the higher class of publications, who could not afford a subscription to any single one. Let the readers of this our cherished journal think of the long nights that are already upon the earth, more long and dreary in the country than in town. Think of the help and cheer that might result from a trifling outlay for postage. Often the resolute adherence to one’s obligation becomes wearisome, but is it not worth while to be faithful?

SHORT HILLS, N. J., Nov. 2, 1892.

E. CAMPBELL.

CHARLES SANTLEY, the English baritone, has just written his ‘Reminiscences,’ which I have read with no little interest. Besides having a slight personal acquaintance with the distinguished singer, I have long had a great admiration for him as an artist. He always seemed to me to be in earnest. He felt the dignity of his profession, and was governed apparently by a feeling for art and not by box-office considerations. He sang to please himself and those whom he had reason to believe were the best critics, rather than to gain the applause of the mob. These were my surmises, and after reading his book I find that they were true. ‘The greatest disappointment I have met with through life,’ says Mr. Santley, ‘has been the lack of earnestness I have experienced in the major part of my fellow-workers.’ He can excuse men who are doomed to pass their lives as clerks finding no inducement to exertion beyond what is necessary to insure their pay,

but he ‘cannot understand a man professing to be an artist being contented to remain at the bottom of the ladder, when he knows that, in defiance of all obstacles, he must rise if he wishes so to do.’ He adds that all may not rise to the top, but they can make some upward progress if they try hard enough. ‘I have known some,’ he adds, ‘who even when the voice has begun to lose its charm, roused by the voice of conscience, with determined efforts have succeeded in making art a more than efficient substitute for the magic of a fresh voice.’

MR. SANTLEY has some connection with literature as well as music, having married a niece of Adelaide Kemble (Mrs. Sartoris), whose ‘Week in a French Country House’ is one of the most delightful bits of modern fiction. I have a copy that was given me by Bret Harte, with his enthusiastic appreciation written on the paper cover.

SO MUCH GRATUITOUS advertising has ‘The Fencing Master’ received from the falling-out between Mr. Reginald De Koven and the Alibi Club of Washington that one would almost be justified in suspecting collusion on the part of the Club and the composer. Mr. De Koven, as a guest of the Alibis, heard a song which took his fancy, and promptly popped it into his new operetta. If the Club had composed the song, or had held the copyright of it, this would have been outrageous—particularly if, as alleged, the privilege of making use of it had been asked both vocally and scripturally, and refused as well orally as in writing. But the song, it seems, was a popular Spanish tune, a version of which had long since been introduced by Offenbach in ‘La Vie Parisienne.’ In these circumstances, if Mr. De Koven had refrained from using the thing he would have shown a delicacy of feeling rare indeed since Don Quixote dismounted from Rosinante and laid aside his helmet, spear and shield. He apparently scores one against the Alibis, when he accuses them of having published their letter of remonstrance before sending it to ‘the party to whom it was addressed.’

‘THIS CUTTING from a Swiss newspaper may help the Lounger to a paragraph when he is hard up,’ writes ‘R.’ of Cambridge:—

#### A PRIVELEGED NOSE

A newspaper from Udine, *l’Esaminatore Friulano*, states that the priest of Moglio, asked for alms in the Church . . . can you guess for what?

I will sell it you as cheap as I bought it: *For his snuff!* It appears incredible, and yet if you were in that church you would see a little box go round gathering alms in order to purchase *snuff* for the holy nose of the *abate*.

The people of Moglio ought really to be proud of possessing such a venerable nose!

Oh! what a privileged nose!

‘I CAME ACROSS this among some old papers a few days ago,’ writes the same correspondent:—

BOSTON, Jan. 11th, 1879.

#### TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

I have looked over the deaths in your paper for a long time, but have not seen the name of a single person I am acquainted with, so please discontinue my paper.

Yours truly,

‘It is, as you see,’ adds ‘R.’, ‘a veritable note sent to a journal with which I had a connection years ago. There are good people, you know—always of the female persuasion—who invariably look first for the deaths and marriages in a newspaper, but I never happened before to know of one who “stopped her paper” for the reason here given. It reminds me of *The Critic*’s reader who discontinued her subscription in order to prove woman’s possession of the creative faculty.’

CATULLE MENDES, the French writer, whose name has been frequently mentioned as that of a collaborator with Amélie Rives Chanler, seems to belong to that old-time Bohemia which flourishes nowhere as it does in Paris. As his name would suggest, Mendes is of Spanish extraction, but he belongs to the Hebrew race. He is said to ‘turn out highly-finished “copy” more quickly than any modern French writer, and, in fact, never sits down to his work until the pages of the paper from whom he has had a commission for a short story or article are going to press.’ In the early days of his career he worked for the pleasure of seeing his name in print at the foot of an article or story; now he finds more satisfaction in seeing it in autograph on the back of a check. He is reputed to receive \$5000 a year for a weekly article in *Gil Blas*, not to mention the larger sums he receives for his stories. M. Mendes is described as fair, with ‘long yellow hair and pale-blue eyes.’ It is said, furthermore, that he is never seen without a long pipe, and that he lives ‘entirely in literary and artistic Bohemia.’

**"Aristocracy"**

THE NEW FOUR-ACT PLAY, 'Aristocracy,' which was produced in Palmer's Theatre on Monday night, is, taking it for all in all, the best piece of dramatic work that Mr. Bronson Howard has yet given us, and is a valuable and, should it meet its deserts, a permanent addition to the list of genuine American plays. Compared with the vast majority of the plays of this degenerate period, it shines with a lustre that almost might be called brilliant. In the first place, it is a genuine comedy, not a mixture of farce and melodrama; a study of contemporaneous life, with vital and existent personages, a definite and dominating purpose, and a story which is at once amusing, interesting and instructive. As might have been expected from the title, it is a satire upon the folly and shame of those Americans who are willing, even eager, to barter their wealth, their self-respect and patriotism, their share of the responsibilities and privileges of their country, even the honor of their daughters, for the sake of a connection with the titled aristocracy of Europe, no matter how disgraceful that connection may happen to be. In dealing with this theme the author has been guilty of exaggeration in making his generalizations too broad and comprehensive—all rich Americans are not Anglo-maniacs, and all noblemen are not heartless and conscienceless debauchees; but the evil which he assails is notorious and deeply rooted, and the victims of it are too hardened to feel the sting of any lash that is not laid on with whole-souled vigor.

Mr. Howard has divided his characters into three groups, one representing the new millionaires of the far West, another some of the older and richer families of New York, and the third the worst specimens of titled European scoundrels. Mrs. Laurence, the wife of a wealthy New York Anglo-maniac, intrigues to break off an engagement which her son has contracted with Virginia Stockton, the daughter of a California millionaire, who has hired the ancestral home in London of a broken-down marquis, in order to give his young wife and his daughter an opportunity of enjoying fashionable life. On the very day that she has been presented at Court, Virginia hears that her lover, Stuyvesant Laurence, has been married to another girl, and in a moment of pique she accepts the hand of an Austrian prince, a polished reprobate of the most depraved order, who carries her off to the Austrian Legation, and marries her then and there. Of course such a marriage, without a Papal dispensation, could be annulled without much difficulty; but that solution would not answer the purpose of the playwright. Immediately after the ceremony Virginia learns that her lover is true, and on the way to visit her; but she resolves to abide by her bargain, and makes a clean breast of it to her father, who is greatly shocked and disgusted, but manfully resolves to make the best of it. Soon afterward it appears that the prince has only married Virginia in order to secure the right of approach to her stepmother, the beautiful Mrs. Stockton, for whom he has conceived a sudden passion. The scene then shifts to New York, and the interest of the story deepens rapidly. Mrs. Stockton feels herself to be in peril. She loathes the prince, but is fascinated by the power of evil in him as a bird is charmed by a serpent. Hearing that her husband is going away on a journey, she implores him not to leave her, but gives no intelligible reason for her anxiety, and when he has departed, instead of retiring to her own apartments, remains alone down-stairs, at 4 o'clock in the morning, until the prince rejoins her. The inconsistency of this is too palpable for comment. Of course the prince presses his suit, which she rejects at first with scorn and anger, only to yield at last to the fascination of evil, which, in a case of this kind, is not particularly intelligible. At the crisis, of course, the husband returns in time to save her, and a scene ensues between the two men which, on the first night, stirred the audience to great enthusiasm. It is strong theatrically, and extremely clever in marking the radical difference between the bold, simple and loyal nature of the Californian and the vileness of his opponent when stripped of the thin veneer of external polish.

The fourth and last act is devoted to the solution of all difficulties, which is effected by the convenient removal of the prince in a duel. It is not necessary to enter into further details. Enough has been said to show the ingenuity of the story by which the various personages are brought together and contrasted. It is in the drawing of the different characters, the skilful construction of the situations and excellent literary quality of the dialogue that the great merit of the play consists. The Californian is an admirable type of unspoiled American manhood, and the part is played with very considerable spirit and power by Wilton Lackaye, who makes an upward step in his profession by this performance. The prince is also a powerful and saturnine sketch, fairly well interpreted by William Faversham, and there is much true satirical humor in the anuglicised American, Laurence, who is portrayed with delicate precision by W. H. Thompson. The part of Mrs.

Stockton, which is full of emotion, loses its effect in the feeble hands of a pretty novice, but Virginia is played agreeably by Viola Allen. Mr. Pigott, as the profligate marquis, and Frederick Bond, as an airy and cynical French rake, are both good. But the play is better than the performance, and it is to the author that the chief credit must be awarded. The scenery and accessories are of the very best.

**"The Fencing Master"**

IT HAS BEEN a somewhat too rare occurrence of late that the operetta stage has offered anything worthy of criticism. It is, however, by no means strange that the public has to thank the same men for the two notable exceptions to the general rule. Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven deserve general thanks for the sincerity of their purposes. In 'The Fencing Master' they have endeavored to leave behind them the cut and dried forms of so-called 'comic opera,' and to enter the field to which that abused title may rightly be applied. The book of 'The Fencing Master' is far from being a piece of literary workmanship. Its lyrics are heavy-footed and graceless: its dialogue is uncertain in mood and frequently sinks to the level of the baldest punning. It is in the story that Mr. Smith has striven to get away from the unhealthy atmosphere of the contemporaneous operetta stage. He has taken the subject treated in Mr. Astor's novel 'Sforza,' and has made a story in which there is abundance of sentiment, some pathos, and a touch of melodramatic power. If his comedy were only worthy of a place beside his sentiment, his book would deserve far higher praise.

As a foundation for Mr. De Koven's music it is exceedingly useful, and the composer has done his most ambitious work in setting it. He skims lightly over the whole field of operetta styles, sometimes joining hands with the French, again with the Germans, and yet again with the English. His numbers range from the familiar order of elementary rhythms and jingles, through the intermediate realms of graceful gayety and sentiment into the higher domain of passionate force. In all three Mr. de Koven has produced music that is of distinct artistic value and yet is capable of pleasing the multitude. He has accomplished what no other American has, and he deserves to be warmly congratulated.

The operetta is very handsomely put upon the stage and the performance is, in general, a good one.

**Vacancies in the French Academy**

THE DEATHS of MM. Renan, Xavier Marmier and Camille Rousset last month created three vacancies in the French Academy; and as only ten of the surviving members are under sixty years of age, there are prospects that other vacancies will soon occur. M. de Lesseps is eighty-seven years old and very feeble and M. Sully-Prudhomme's condition is such that little hope is entertained of his recovery. M. Legouvé is eighty-five, M. Duruy eighty-one, M. Doucet and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière are eighty, M. Jules Simon is seventy-eight, and John Lemoine seventy-seven. The ages of the remaining members are as follows: Leconte de Lisle, seventy-four; the Ducs d'Aumale and de Broglie and M. de Mazade, seventy-one; J. Bertrand, M. du Camp and L. Pasteur, seventy; the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier and G. Böissier, sixty-nine; A. Dunas, sixty-eight; E. Ollivier, sixty-seven; M. Mézières and Léon Say, sixty-six; M. de Freycinet, M. Gréard, Victor Cherbuliez, H. Taine and M. Perraud, sixty-four; Sardou, sixty-one; H. Meilhac, sixty; E. Pailleron and L. Halévy, fifty-eight; E. Hervé, fifty-seven; Sully-Prudhomme, fifty-three; J. Claretie, fifty-two; F. Coppée and Lavis, fifty; the Comte d'Haussouville, forty-eight; the Vicomte de Vogüé, forty-four; and Pierre Loti, forty-three.

It is probable therefore that in the approaching winter there will be still further ravages among the 'Forty Immortals,' already reduced to thirty-seven. Consequently much interest is taken as to who will have these vacant seats. The list of eligible candidates is long and rather brilliant. There are the novelists Zola, Bourget, Ohnet, Ferdinand Fabre, Edmond de Goncourt, Delpit and others. The last, although an American by birth, became a French citizen a year or two ago for the purpose of being able to stand for an election to the Academy. M. de Goncourt is seventy, which, however, is not a disqualification. Zola's chances are considered to be the best among the novelists. Among other possible candidates are M. Jules Lemaire, the dramatic critic; M. Jean Richepin, the poet; M. Becque, the dramatist; M. Anatole France and M. Brunetière. In many quarters it is believed that M. Berthelot, the Senator, and chemist of the College of France, will replace Renan, who was president of that institution. M. Alphonse Daudet would be a formidable candidate, but he has always ridiculed the Academy, and after his 'L'Immortel' the doors of the institution were probably shut on him forever.

## The Fine Arts

## Art Notes

A NUMBER of examples of the English school, belonging to Mr. Marquand, have been placed on exhibition temporarily in the east gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A portrait, by Romney, of a lady in white apron, large gray hat, gray muff and brown striped dress is the most remarkable. The whites and grays, though they have apparently darkened a little by age, are still remarkably delicate and harmonious. It is a much better example of Romney than the other paintings are of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Chrome and Raeburn. Three interesting water-colors by Turner, apparently of Rhine scenery, hang below the oil-paintings. The Society of American Artists and some friends have presented to the Museum a very good example of the late B. R. Fitz—‘Marie,’ a pretty girl in light yellow shawl and lace fichu. Two mythological landscapes, attributed to Poussin, are the gift of Mr. George H. Boughton, the artist. In one, the rural divinity, Pan, with a pack at his back, wades through a stream to a bank on which Venus lolls on a blue bed with a white bolster. In the other a faun conducts a nymph, who rides on a goat led by cupids through a rocky and partly wooded landscape. A fine bust of Beranger, by David d’Angers, larger than life, is in the lower hall. Some new terra-cottas have appeared among those of the Cessnola collection, and a large collection of medals, engravings and paintings relating to the laying of the Atlantic cable, the gift of the late Cyrus W. Field, are in the gallery of American antiquities.

—A drawing in red chalk, by the late D. G. Rossetti, ‘Rosa Triplex,’ is reproduced for the frontispiece of the October *Portfolio*. Mr. F. G. Stephens, who writes the accompanying notice, is certain that it has no mystic significance. It is simply a drawing of three pretty girls, each with a rose in her hand; or, rather, as he believes, of one pretty girl in three aspects. He thinks the model was Miss Alice Wilding, who posed for the Sybilla Palmifera, Veronica Veronese and others of Rossetti’s creations. Agnes D. B. Atkinson writes on ‘Word-Painting.’ ‘A View in Venice’ (a photogravure after a painting by James Holland) and an etching of ‘Gray’s Inn,’ by Herbert Railton, are full-page plates. Mrs. Henry Ady writes on ‘Gardens,’ and illustrates her article with views of several handsome old English specimens with clipped box and yew hedges, trim lawns and ancient trees.

—No picture painted since June 1, 1892, will be received at the Retrospective Exhibition, to be held under the direction of the Society of American Artists at the new Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street. Nov. 24 is ‘varnishing day’; the opening will occur on Nov. 28. The committee in charge consists of Messrs. H. Bolton Jones, John La Farge, Louis Tiffany, Frederick P. Vinton, George Maynard, Augustus St. Gaudens and J. Carroll Beckwith.

—New York and Boston artists are well represented at the Philadelphia Art Club’s fourth annual exhibition, now open.

## Obituary Notes

THERE SEEMS to be no longer any reason to doubt that Theodore Child died of typhoid fever on Nov. 2, at Julfa, ten miles south of Ispahan, Persia, and was buried at the same town. Mr. Child was a native of England and a graduate of Oxford. He began his literary career by writing a weekly letter from Paris to *The Illustrated London News*. These were followed by letters to the *London World*. His first work for American publication consisted of a series of letters on English literary matters to the *New York Sun*. Thus he attracted the attention of Harper & Bros., and, after having published a series of his articles in 1885, they made him the representative of their firm in Paris in 1887. Mr. Child visited this country for a short time two years ago. His best-known works are ‘The Tsar and His People,’ a book on ‘Art Criticism,’ a collection from articles written for *Harper’s Basar* called ‘Delicate Feasting,’ ‘A Summer Holiday,’ ‘Spanish-American Republics,’ and ‘The Desire for Beauty,’ which was published very recently. It is understood that no part of his promised book, ‘Living India,’ has yet been written. The latest news of him, before the announcement of his death, came in a despatch from the British Consul at Teheran, dated Oct. 6, which said that he had started on a journey across the mountains, and that the nearest town was forty days’ ride from Teheran. Services in his memory were held last Tuesday afternoon in the American church in Paris. A large assemblage of American English and French journalists, writers and artists was present. Dr. Thurber delivered an eloquent eulogy. Many flowers were placed about the church. Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of the *London World*, says of Mr. Child in the *Tribune*:

Long residence in the French Capital and constant intimate acquaintance with all the lighter phases of its society had made Theodore Child wavier, with shaved cheeks, close-cropped hair, spiked moustache,

an invaluable correspondent. In appearance he was a typical *boule-pince-nez* and tall, flat-brimmed hat. He was equally at home in the coulisse or the salon, not merely speaking French like a native, but well versed in the argot of the different classes among which he lived. He was an adept in art and a connoisseur of cookery and wine. Child was a man of varied reading and considerable acquirement. He had great power of organization, which he showed when he became the recognized literary representative in Europe of the New York house of Harper & Bros. In its service Child undertook long journeys to Japan, South America and Mexico, the character and people of which he described with thorough appreciation and admirable vivacity, and in its service he lost his life. He was a man in the prime of life, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Courteous, polished, witty, well-informed, his loss will be lamented by all who knew him.

Of the late Mr. Trollope, Mr. Yates speaks thus:—‘Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who died suddenly on Friday [Nov. 11], at Clifton, in his eighty-third year, was the elder brother of Anthony Trollope, whom he considerably resembled. He spent more than half his life in Italy, and for upward of twenty years no house in Florence saw more or better company than his. Tom Trollope, as his friends called him, was a man of great mental activity, acuteness and of very considerable learning. He was always a voracious reader, and his knowledge reached every subject, while under his ceaseless industry his information increased every day he lived. Trollope was engaged throughout his life in literary and journalistic work. He wrote many capital novels, for which he never obtained the credit he deserved, several valuable historical works, and some interesting books of travel, and he frequently contributed to the leading reviews. He was long the Florence correspondent of *The Daily News*, and afterward represented *The Standard* at Rome, where he removed in 1870. Trollope’s life was graced by the cordial friendship of many of the most distinguished literary personages of the time, Thackeray, Lever, Landor, George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, the Brownings, Archbishop Whately, Wilkie Collins, Dean Milman and Sir James Hudson having been among his intimate friends.’

A special to last Tuesday’s *Tribune* ran as follows:—‘The widow of the poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, died on Sunday afternoon at Concord, Mass. Her maiden name was Lillian Jackson, and she was born at Plymouth ninety years ago. She was the second wife of Mr. Emerson. Mrs. Emerson’s eyesight prevented her from reading, and only at rare intervals did she go out. Mrs. Emerson’s funeral will take place on Wednesday, and she will be interred beside her husband in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.’

## Tennysonian

THE EARLIEST manuscript of the ‘Poems Chiefly Lyrical,’ Tennyson lost out of his great-coat pocket one night, while returning from a neighboring market town. ‘This was enough,’ writes Frederick Tennyson, ‘to reduce an ordinary man to despair, but the invisible ink was made to reappear—all the thoughts and fancies in their orderly series and with their entire drapery of words arose and lived again. Such is the true poet. “Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.” I wonder what, under such circumstances, would become of the “mob of gentlemen who write with ease.” Of course it would not much matter as they could easily indite something new.’

An old friend of Tennyson records the fact that the poet was most generous in his estimate of other men’s poetry. ‘Once when I was at Farrington Swinburne’s “Atalanta” had just appeared, and he spoke in terms of the highest praise of the book. “That young fellow”—an Isle of Wight man, it was said, like himself—“has caught the true spirit of the old Greek poets. He thinks their thoughts, speaks their language, and sings with their own music.” No one was ever more free from professional jealousy, nor ever rejoiced more in a good piece of work done by another, and no one was more ready to help another do it better.

## THE LAUREATESHIP

Nothing connected with the death of Tennyson is more curious and significant than the prompt breaking out into elegiac verse of all the younger and minor of the English songsters. The effusion is natural and inevitable, for there is no versifier of English who has any ‘feeling of his business’ who must not be moved when the master of his craft passes away. It is only the promptitude of the performance that is startling. Every one of the little singers seems to have had his ‘tribute’ in his desk, and to have employed in filing it the hours when its subject was sinking toward death.

It is this promptitude that gives the performances of Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Alfred Austin and the rest the air of a voluntary competitive examination, as if they were submitting to the English public their credentials to succeed the

Laureate, and the laurel were to be bestowed upon that one of them who praised him most acceptably. There is a seemliness, albeit often an incongruity, in that rule of the French Academy by which a new member makes the elegy of his predecessor, and the first task of the new Laureate would naturally be to eulogize Tennyson. He himself, indeed, praised his predecessor only cursorily and in passing in the dedication of his poems to the Queen:—

Victoria, since your royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base.

The elegy of Tennyson should be, indeed, an official act of the chosen poet of England speaking by authority for the English people, and it is for such purpose that the Laureateship exists if it have any significance at all. Of course it is open to any poet to free his mind about Tennyson, but the sudden outbreak of the tuneful choir before even the burial shows a 'news sense' and a perception of the value of actuality that upon such an occasion lacks dignity and impressiveness.

The bestowal of the Laureateship is, indeed, a perplexing problem, whether it is to be presented to the sovereign or to her 'constitutional advisers.' It is really very hard to make any appointment of Tennyson's successor which shall not be slightly ridiculous. That is to say, it might be slightly ridiculous to give it to Mr. Swinburne, while it would be very much more ridiculous to give it to anybody else. If the Laureateship have any value at all, it has it only as an official confirmation of the public judgment that has already crowned the first poet of the nation. Nobody can dispute, without calling in question his own right to an opinion on the subject, that Mr. Swinburne is that man in the present state of English letters. And yet the suggestion of making an official bard of that unrestrained singer is almost as startling as Wagner said the suggestion was of making Beethoven a Court musician like Haydn. 'A glance at the young Beethoven probably sufficed to put any prince out of the notion of making him his *höfellehrmeister*.' In the same way the appointment of the 'terrible infant' of contemporary letters to the official primacy of English poetry would horrify those circles that have for all these years been awaiting with an awe-stricken expectation what he was going to do next. His whole literary career has been an unsystematic and rather riotous protest against the literary conventions to which Tennyson was uniformly amenable, and to which he submitted without any conscious restraint, finding himself entirely free and at home in working within them. But then Mr. Swinburne has taken pains to raise special objections to his appointment. We are not aware that in the course of his voluminous vituperations he has ever had occasion to speak evil of Queen Victoria, though he would unquestionably have done so if it had occurred to him. He has spoken very special evil of the present Prime Minister, and there is scarcely one of the political postulates of English society which he has not denied in verse. To make such a poet an official pillar of the throne would be a solecism only to be exceeded by the greater solecism of not appointing the first poet in England to be its Poet-Laureate. For to appoint anybody else would merely be to degrade the Laureateship to the level to which it sank when Shadwell succeeded Dryden and Pye preceded Southery. It is really a troublesome question, and perhaps Mr. Gladstone will, for once, be moved to act upon that famous maxim of Lord Melbourne's 'Can't you let it alone?' Certainly he would better let it alone than to appoint anybody but Mr. Swinburne; perhaps he would better let it alone than to appoint Mr. Swinburne. The distinction of Tennyson would certainly be accentuated by a vacancy in the post he had held for forty years—

The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem.

Mr. William Morris has proposed the Marquis of Lorne for the Laureateship. As to the statement that Lord Tennyson had made suggestions respecting his successor, it is contradicted by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

It is said that Robert Browning was strongly of opinion that the office of Poet-Laureate should be continued. 'It is,' he is quoted as saying, 'of great advantage to literature as a profession in this country'; and then he added with a genial laugh, 'I am most unprejudiced in saying so, for even if I outlived Tennyson, I know that neither political party would dream of offering the post to me.'

To correct the general impression that it was a foregone conclusion that Tennyson would be Poet-Laureate when Wordsworth died, the Boston *Commonwealth* tells this story, for which it claims to have absolute authority. 'The Laureateship (at that juncture) was offered to Samuel Rogers in an autograph note by Prince

Albert. The Prince told the venerable poet, who was then eighty-seven years old, that no duty whatever would be expected, but that it would gratify the Queen to know that his name was thus connected with the history of her reign. Rogers was, very naturally, greatly gratified. He considered the proposal for some time, and then, in a very interesting note, declined it. He was then asked to name the person who should fill the place, and he named Alfred Tennyson. In reply to this suggestion came a letter from the Prime Minister, who said:—"We are not acquainted with this gentleman"; and asked if Mr. Rogers was quite sure that there was nothing in his poetry which might be out of place in the Poet-Laureate chosen by a woman. Mr. Rogers satisfied the Government on this point, and Tennyson was appointed.

According to Mr. Edmund Yates of the *London World*, the Empress Frederick has 'entered a great favorite of hers for the Laureateship in the person of Mr. Rennell Rodd, author of "Feda," "Poems in Many Lands" and other volumes of smooth Tennysonian verse.' Mr. Rodd is 'a young man of blameless repute, who has already enjoyed most of the plums of the diplomatic profession in its secretarial phase, having been attached to the embassies at Berlin, Athens, Rome and Paris, and it was when he was in Berlin as the popular private secretary of Sir Edward Malet that he won the favor—nay, the warm friendship—of Empress Frederick. With the daughters he played tennis and with the mother he talked Tennyson, the result being that no member of the British Embassy was ever more welcome at the Crown Prince's Palace; and when Emperor Frederick died, it was Mr. Rodd whom his sorrowing widow selected to write the biography of her illustrious husband.'

Mr. Harold Frederic reports in the *New York Times* a London rumor that there is a deadlock on the Laureateship, 'Gladstone wishing to grant it either to Lewis Morris or to William Watson, and the Queen holding out for Sir Theodore Martin. There is no means of guessing the truth of this, but when names of this calibre are even canvassed, Englishmen may well be content that the post should continue in abeyance indefinitely.'

#### Notes

MR. MARION CRAWFORD arrived from Italy, on Wednesday, by the Fulda. Mr. Crawford has the extraordinary record of having never published an unsuccessful book. 'Don Orsino,' his latest novel—the sixteenth, we believe—is selling by the tens of thousands.

—'Green Fields and Running Brooks,' a new book of poems by James Whitcomb Riley, will be issued on Dec. 1 by the Bowen-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis.

—Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, has written a commemorative ode for the centenary of the birth of Shelley. He will issue it, in book form, at once. Mr. Bliss Carman is preparing a selection of his poems for publication.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley,' in eight volumes, edited, with an introductory memoir, by George E. Woodberry, Professor of English in Columbia College, with a new portrait of Shelley—a large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies, printed on hand-made paper; 'The Chosen Valley,' by Mary Hallock Foote; 'Historical and Political Essays,' by the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; 'Prose Idyls,' by John Albee; and 'The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862,' by William Allan, Colonel in the Confederate Army, with a preface by Capt. John C. Ropes.

—Mrs. Oliphant's 'History of the Victorian Age of English Literature' will include a large number of hitherto unpublished letters from authors dealing with their works and ideas.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce 'Mother and Child,' a book for domestic use, by Drs. E. P. Davis and John M. Keating.

—Prof. Jacob Gould Schurman, who was inaugurated on last Friday as the third President of Cornell University, delivered an admirable speech at the 124th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in this city on Tuesday night.

—The Board of Women Managers of the State of New York for the Chicago Exposition has put forth a tentative 'List of Books and Articles by Women Native or Resident' in the State. Notice of errors or omissions is desired to be sent to Mrs. Florence C. Ives, Assembly Parlors, Albany.

—Mr. James H. Carleton of Haverhill, Massachusetts, has just purchased from George Elliott a portion of the Whittier homestead in East Parish. The purchase includes the house and land around it, also the barn and other buildings on the opposite side of the road and several acres of land besides. The farm was sold to the late James Chase by the Whittier family about 1837, and later was purchased by Samuel C. Elliott, and by him sold to his

brother, George. It is understood that Mr. Carleton will present the homestead to the City of Haverhill, with such conditions as will cause it to remain a memorial of John Greenleaf Whittier forever.

—Mrs. A. V. S. Anthony, and not her husband, it appears, is to be the biographer of the late Mr. James R. Osgood, the well-known publisher.

—An exceedingly rare little book by Charles Lever, 'The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty,' published in 1849, has recently been unearthed in England, and is offered for sale at the modest price of 10/-.

—In commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Izaak Walton, author of 'The Complete Angler,' Dr. A. Henschell, in charge of the United States Fishery Commission's exhibit at the World's Fair, proposes that August 9, 1893, be specially commemorated with a fly-casting tournament for gold and silver medals.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's new series of stories will be entitled 'In a Doctor's Waiting-Room.' *The Bookman* thinks they should be at least as popular as Samuel Warren's 'Diary of a Late Physician.'

—Mr. Kipling's new Mulvaney story has been purchased by Messrs. Macmillan, and will probably appear in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

—Lieut. George W. Read, Fifth Cavalry, is translating from the Russian, for the *Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association*, Lieut.-Col. Prejntsoff's 'Cavalry Upon the Field of Battle.' We presume these interesting papers will ultimately appear in book form.

—The American friends of Anton Gindely have received notice of the distinguished historian's death on October 24, in the sixtieth year of his age. Dr. Gindely was the Professor of Medieval History in the University of Prague, and was the author of 'The Thirty Years' War,' published in this country by the Putnams.

—Much of the attractiveness of D. Appleton & Co.'s Monthly Bulletin is due to the well-selected illustrations with which it teems.

—The December (Christmas) *Century* will have a new cover, printed in green and gold. Among its special attractions will be seven complete stories, by Dr. Edward Eggleston, Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith and others. It will contain also a number of engravings of sacred pictures by well-known artists, including a frontispiece by Dagnan-Bouveret, Abbott H. Thayer's 'Virgin Enthroned,' Blashfield's 'Ringing the Christmas Bells,' and a Madonna by Frank Vincent Du Mond. Mrs. S. van Rensselaer will contribute an illustrated paper on 'Picturesque New York.' Salvini's Autobiography will begin in this number; and the January issue will contain 'The £1,000,000 Bank-Note,' by Mark Twain, who has just settled down for the winter at Florence, Italy.

—One of the various parents claimed at different times by a successful young English swindler, now in the hands of the New York police, is Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), the popular novelist.

—Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. will publish at once a 'History of the English Parliament, together with an Account of the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland,' by G. Barnett Smith, in two octavo volumes, with fac-similes of documents pertinent to the theme, and the full text of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, etc.

—Charles H. Sergei & Co., Chicago, have undertaken an edition of Voltaire's works in English, in forty volumes, to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

—*St. Nicholas* will soon have another serial by Mrs. C. V. Jamison of New Orleans, whose 'Lady Jane'—one of the most popular stories the magazine has printed—has passed through three editions, since it was first issued in book form a year ago, and is selling better now than ever before. Mr. Rudyard Kipling will contribute an East Indian fairy-story to an early number of *St. Nicholas*.

—The most notable event in the Russian book world during 1891 was the expiration of the copyright of Lermontoff's works, in consequence of which ninety-two editions of them appeared, in over a million copies.

—*The Publishers' Circular* chronicles the discovery in China of an unpublished letter of Lord Byron's. It is addressed to 'Monsieur Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, Paris,' and refers to 'The Vampire,' which had been erroneously attributed to Byron, who declined to accept either the responsibility or the credit of the work.

If the book is clever [he wrote] it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honors; and if stupid, I desire the

responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you—the impatation is of no great importance—and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote is too much. I have, besides, a personal dislike to 'Vampires,' and the little acquaintance I have had with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

The letter also refers to certain paragraphs that had appeared about the poet's religion, 'all of which,' he informs his correspondent, 'are not founded on fact.'

—Mr. Collingwood's biography of Ruskin, which will be issued this year in London, will contain numerous portraits of Ruskin, including one from a water-color made by himself. Thirteen sketches never before published will be given. The work will be in two volumes, and the London price is \$8. For a small edition on Japanese paper the price is \$2.

—The late Thomas Nelson, the millionaire Edinburgh publisher, left \$300,000 for the erection and equipment of five workingmen's clubs and reading-rooms, which will be erected gradually, and will be so fitted as to attract workingmen.

—Worthington Co. are bringing out 'Intellectual Pursuits; or, Culture by Self-Help,' by Robert Waters.

—Next to Shakespeare, Burns is the most popular of English-writing poets. Last year 28,000 people visited the cottage at Ayr where he was born, and 38,000 the Monument. In July alone 13,000 pilgrims visited his birthplace.

—The President has appointed Dr. Daniel G. Brinton of Pennsylvania to be Assistant Commissioner, *vice* Dr. Welling, resigned, to represent the United States at the Columbian Historical Exposition in Madrid. Dr. Brinton is a resident of Philadelphia, a Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and a well-known writer on aboriginal American history.

—'Calmire' is to be issued by Macmillan & Co. of London in a two-volume edition for the English market.

—In the Christmas *Scribner's* there will be short stories by George A. Hibbard, George W. Cable, Octave Thanet, George I. Putnam, Miss Margaret S. Briscoe and Mme. de Meissner. For the first time in its history the magazine will have a colored frontispiece, reproducing a water-color painting made for it by L. Marchetti. Mr. Edward S. Martin, author of 'A Little Brother of the Rich,' will appear in this number with his most ambitious poem—the humorous narrative in verse of the unusual 'Repentance of Eben Pynchot.' For this Mr. F. G. Attwood has made ten elaborate illustrations.

—The number of countries in which citizens of the United States now enjoy copyright is six, Italy being the latest (Oct. 31). The order of their admission to the benefits of our law of March 3, 1891, is as follows:—Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, Germany and Italy.

—Mr. William Evarts Benjamin's new catalogue includes Lieut.-Col. Richard Varick's autograph report of the trial of himself and Major Franks, which resulted in his acquittal of complicity in the treason of their military chief, Benedict Arnold; also a letter from the Colonel to his sister, showing what a terrible effect the exposure of her husband's perfidy had upon Mrs. Arnold. An unpublished manuscript, of even greater historical interest, is Baron Steuben's military instructions to Gen. Washington. A set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is offered for \$6000.

—Mr. John Seymour Wood, author of 'Gramercy Park,' is about to bring out a new work of fiction through the Cassell Publishing Co. It will be called 'A Daughter of Venice'; its illustrations will be by Mr. Francis Thayer; and it is to appear about Dec. 1. In January the same house will issue a collection of Mr. Wood's short stories under the name 'An Old Beau, and Other Stories.'

—Of Dr. Conan Doyle's detective story, 'A Study in Scarlet,' J. B. Lippincott Co. are about to issue an illustrated edition.

—The eighty-sixth volume of *Harper's Monthly* will begin with the December (Christmas) number, which in the matter of fiction will be particularly attractive, including stories by Constance Fenimore Woolson, Eva Wilder McGlasson, Ferdinand Fabre, H. C. Bunner, Charles G. D. Roberts, Brander Matthews, Owen Wister and Thomas Nelson Page. It will also contain a play, 'Giles Corey, Yeoman,' by Miss Wilkins, and an Oriental tale in verse, 'Nourmadee,' by Mr. Aldrich.

—Some of the ladies who have consented to contribute articles upon various lines of woman's life and work to the National Exposition Souvenir, 'What America Owes to Women,' now being edited by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer for the Women's Department

of the Columbian Exposition, are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Gail Hamilton, Miss Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Ellen Oiney Kirk, Mrs. J. C. Croly ('Jennie June'), Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Miss Virginia F. Townsend, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Miss Lilian Whiting, Miss Susan E. Dickinson, Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Charles Henrotin and Miss Grace H. Dodge.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1682.—What is the origin of the phrase tea-cup times, and who wrote the couplet?

In teacup times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn,

quoted by Dobson in his 'Vignettes in Rhyme'?

NEW YORK.

W.

1683.—Who wrote the poem on Columbus containing this couplet?

On the deck stood Columbus, the sea's wide expanse,  
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.

CHICAGO.

M. D. F.

### Publications Received

(RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.)

Adams, W. H. D. Warriors of the Crescent. American School at Athens, Papers of, Vol. V. 1886-90. Boston: Damrell & Upham. Armstrong, W. An American Nobleman. \$1. A. R. G. Gleams and Echoes. \$2. Brand, J. The Beasts of Ephesus. \$1. Baker, S. S. Our Elder Brother. Bits of Prominent People. Bierce, A., and Dansiger, G. A. The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter. \$1.25. Book of Famous Verse. Selected by A. Reppier. \$1.25. Broughton, R. Mrs. Bligh. \$1. Butterworth, H. In the Boyhood of Lincoln.

D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Chicago: Advance Pub. Co. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Worthington Co. D. Appleton & Co. D. Appleton & Co.

Chatterjee. Ed. by J. E. Clarke. \$1.25. Clark, I. The Las' Day. Caxton and Daniel. Selections. 12c. Cameron, L. A Sister's Sin. \$1. Cartwright, J. Sacharissa. Christopher Columbus and his Monument, Columbia. Compiled by J. M. Dickey. 50c. Cobb, T. On Trust. Part II. 25c. Curtis, G. W. True and I. Dale, D. Remond Foreman, the Village Blacksmith. 50c. Deland, M. The Story of a Child. \$1. Dorr, J. C. The Fallow Field. \$3. Dulles, C. W. Accidents and Emergencies. \$1. Espinasse, F. Life of Voltaire. \$1. Frederic, F. F. Architectural Rendering in Sepia. \$3. Griffis, W. E. Japan in History, Folk-Lore and Art. 75c. Gilmore, M. The Woman Who Stood Between. \$1. Herndon, W. H., and Weil, J. W. Abraham Lincoln. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. Johnston, J. Missionary Landscapes in the Dark Continent. \$1.25. Kimball, H. P. The Cup of Life, and Other Verses. \$1. Lamb, C., and M. Tales from Shakespeare. Ed. by A. Ainger. \$1.25. Lane, L. S. I Married a Soldier. \$1. Lavisse, E. The Youth of Frederick the Great. Tr. by M. B. Coleman. \$1. Lewis, E. Famous Pets. Macaulay, T. B. Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham. 50c. Macaulay, T. B. Essay on Milton. 50c. MacMinn, E. Thrilling Scenes in the Persian Kingdom. \$1. Marlowe, C. The Jew of Malta. 12c. Moffatt's New Schedule Drawing Test Cards. Molesworth, Mrs. The Girls and I. \$1. Molloy, J. F. An Excellent Knave. Munkittrick, R. K. Some New Jersey Arabian Nights. Musset, A. de. Confession of a Child of the Century. Tr. by K. Warren. \$1.25. Oliphant, Mrs. The Cuckoo in the Nest. \$1.25. Ouida. The Tower of Taddeo. \$1. Page, T. The Earth and the Solar System. Palmer, F. P. A Dead Level, and Other Episodes. Pauli, G. A. Prince Dimple on his Travels. Porte, R. A. Gift of Love. \$1.25. Reed, L. C. West and East. 50c. Robinson, W. Garden Design and Architects' Gardens. \$2. Salaman, M. C. Women through a Man's Eyeglass. \$1.25. Santley, C. Reminiscences. \$1.25. Spear, M. A. Leaves and Flowers. 50c. Scollard, C. Under Summer Skies. Trowbridge, J. T. The Fortunes of Toby Trafford. \$1.25. Tucker, W. J. New Movements in Humanity. 50c. Tucker, E. S. A Cup of Tea: Pictures from Doll Life. Tucker, E. S. Little Ways and Great Plays. Waters, R. Intellectual Pursuits. Warner, A. Up and Down the House. Welsh Pictures. Ed. by R. Lovett. \$1.25. Whittier, J. G. At Sundown. \$1.50. Wordsworth, W. Poems. \$1.50. Wolf, A. The Truth about Beauty. \$1.25.

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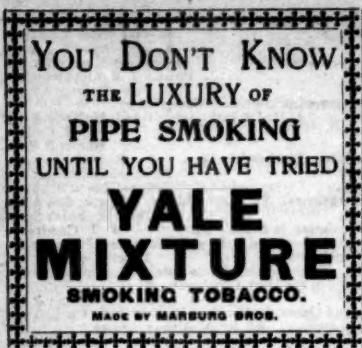
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